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Original Communications.

THE LAVATORIES AND CLOISTERS OF PETERBOROUGH.

The fragments of ancient architecture which from time to time arrest the eye are viewed by every lover of letters with reverential awe, in some degree approaching to the feelings so finely described by Shakspeare, as inspired by contemplation of

—“Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were
nailed,

For our advantage, on the bitter cross.”

Such remains carry the mind back to pious and illustrious characters who are “no more on earth.” The beautiful proportions and the splendid whole of the palace, or the three towers symbolical of the triune Godhead, the transept imaging the cross, the long range of massy columns, and the elevated choir of the cathedral, are not necessary to invite solemn meditation. The mutilated ruin wakes reflection to
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what must have been the splendour and the magnitude of the mouldering edifice in its palmy days, which, even in its subordinate parts, is found “magnificent in decay.” When such meet the eye, we indeed must regret that the earnest injunction of Cardinal Baronius, which he caused to be placed in a church he had repaired at Rome, has not been more respected. We mean that which ran thus :—

“Presbiter, Card., successor quisquis fueris,
Rogo te per gloriam Dei et
Per merita horum martyrum,
Nihil demito, nihil minuito, nec mutato;
Restitutam antiquitatem piè servato:
Sic te Deus Martyrum suorum precibus
Semper adjuvet.”

It is, however, something in a case like that of which we speak, to find the venerated ruins have not been repaired and embellished, like Waltham Abbey Church, in the modern taste.

And it is in this spirit we submit to the readers of the ‘Mirror’ the lavatories to the cloisters of Peterborough. Even in their present condition they will be interesting to many. In Britton’s ‘Pictu-

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resque Antiquities of the English Cities' they are thus introduced:—

"The buildings of the palace covered a large space, and, as may be reasonably expected, consist of various incongruous parts; for the successive occupants of this, as well as of other episcopal houses, having but a temporary interest in the premises, consulted only their immediate wants or pleasures in the alterations they effected. It is true the abbots did the same in their time, for in the present dwelling we see evidences of three or four different styles or eras of genuine monastic architecture. The oldest part is most probably of the age of Abbot *Sala*, or *Seax*, who laid the foundation of the new church in 1117, and in whose time nearly the whole of the monastery of the adjoining village had been consumed by fire. According to the credulous or crafty chronicler, this event was a direct interposition of heaven to punish the blasphemy of the abbot and one of his servants for cursing and invoking the devil to 'come and blow the fire.' Another part, now the entrance-hall, was probably raised in the time of Henry the Second by William de Waterville, who was certainly the greatest builder and most liberal benefactor to the abbey. This hall is a vaulted room, supported by five columns, with bold ribs springing from circular capitals and from corbels in the walls. An apartment, built by Abbot Kirten, as shown by a monogram or device signifying *Kirk-ton*, by the figure of a church or kirk, and a cask or ton, bears the name of *Heaven-chamber*, and is adorned and lighted by two small oriel windows in the north wall, and by one larger and more enriched to the south. The embattled parapet of the chamber is rather singular in design. At the western side of the palace are some ornamental panels, with shields, mitres, &c., marking another style and date of architecture. In the gardens of the palace are some mutilated remains of other palatial buildings. On the south side of the cathedral are the shattered walls of two sides of the cloister, which in former times was not only much ornamented in its order, but its windows were richly adorned with painted glass. These walls have four or five doorways of different dates and of various designs, also numerous architectural mouldings, brackets, columns, &c. Near the south-west angle are two recesses with ornamented panelling, which were formerly used as lavatories. They are stated to have been built by Robert de Lyndesey in 1220, but the ornaments of this part are much later. In the inventory taken at the dissolution of the monasteries is an item of "one conduit or lavatory of tynned, with divers coffers and seats there."

"The walls on the south and west of the cloister quadrangle remain, but those to the east and north are entirely destroyed

except the church wall. In this are two ancient doorways with semi-circular heads, adorned with the chevron and other Norman ornaments. Opposite to these, on the south wall, are two doorways with pointed arches, having enriched mouldings and capitals, indicating the union of the earliest pointed style with that of the circular."

The cloister was once very highly decorated. Gruntoun, in his 'History of Peterborough,' says, "The windows were all complete and fair, adorned with glass of excellent painting. In the south cloister was a history of the Old Testament; in the east, of the new; in the north, the figures of the successive kings from Penda; in the west was the history from the first foundation of the monastery to the restoring of it by King Edgar: at the bottom of each picture was a history of it in verse."

"A HIND LET LOOSE."—Under this title, in 1687, a fierce attack was made on James II. It professed to be written by "A Lover of true Liberty." The writer was a Mr John Shields. His criticism on the doings of James runs thus:—"In the beginning of this killing time, as the country calls it, the first author and authorizer of all these mischiefs, Charles II, was removed by death. Then one would have thought the severity would have stopped; and the Duke of York succeeding, in his late proclamation would make the world believe that it never was his principle, nor will he ever suffer violence to be offered to any man's conscience, nor use force or invincible necessity against any man on the account of his persuasion: smooth words to cover the mischiefs of his former destructions, and the wickedness of his future designs. To which, his former celebrated saying, 'that it would never be well till all the south-syd of Forth were made a hunting-field,' and his acts and actings designed to verify it, since his unhappy succession, do give the lie. For immediately on his mounting the throne, the executions and acts prosecuting the persecution of the poor wanderers, were more cruel than ever. There were more butchered and slaughtered in the fields, without all shadow of law, or trial, or sentence, than in all the former tyrant's reign; who were murdered without time given to deliberate upon death, or space to conclude their prayers, but either in the instant when they were praying shooting them to death, or surprising them in their caves, and murdering them there, without any grant of prayer at all; yea, many of them murdered without taking notice of anything to be laid against them, according to the worst of their own laws, but slain and cut off without any pity, when they were found at their labour in the field, or travelling upon the road."

ENGLISH LIFE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

DID any one inquire from what particular source I had obtained the information on which the following remarks are founded, I should be puzzled for a reply. I will, however, give one, and with as little circumlocution as may be. I have not, like the historian, sought for it in musty records or black-letter chronicles; nor have I, like the antiquary, traced it in illegible characters or half-obliterated inscriptions. The critic may smile when I say that it is culled from the magazines and newspapers, the dramas and farces, the prologues and epilogues, of the time. "What!" he will exclaim, "depend on the information which a newspaper contains? And that newspaper, too, one of the fictitious penny-a-line journals of the eighteenth century!" But, most sapient judge, remember that I do not inquire into minute details of occurrences, but into the general manners of the people; and the newspaper which exaggerated the accounts of a battle, or put forth imaginary narratives of an earthquake in a distant land, may be relied on for its accuracy when it alludes to circumstances open to the observation of all its readers. The dramas, too, frequently contained sly allusions to, and pointed satires on, men and manners, and the prologues and epilogues were made the vehicles for describing and ridiculing the prevailing fashions, and exposing the follies and the vices of the age.

From these ample sources and productive materials, then, aided by the reminiscences of certain respectable grandmothers and nurses, we may occasionally obtain a glimpse of the real manners and customs of the last century: and, as most of these sources—newspapers, dramas, and (in my case) grandmothers and nurse—had their origin in London or its neighbourhood, it is principally notices of London life which they furnish. Occasionally I may glean from them details of the general life in England at the time—political, literary, and domestic; anecdotes tending to illustrate the characters of the principal statesmen, poets, or actors; or facts and scraps which may throw some light on the manners and customs of the age.

The eighteenth century was one of the most eventful to England that has revolved. It produced some of the greatest poets, philosophers, and historians that the world ever saw. The drama attained its zenith of popularity, and performers who had never had their equal since the days of Shakspeare, trod the English stage. Statesmen and politicians contributed, by their extraordinary talent, towards rendering Britain at once the wonder and the terror

of the world. Military and naval commanders, combining the qualities of bravery and discretion, extended their country's fame and empire to the very limits of the globe; and England stood proudly forth, the queen of nations and sovereign of the world; the measure of her glory was full, and science was making rapid strides to add to her wealth. Triumph succeeded triumph and victory followed victory, and the eighteenth century closed upon as brilliant a train of conquests as gilds the page of our history. But the abstract details of the principal occurrences of the century have already been recorded: the character of the people, their manners and customs; their general tastes and mode of life, of business and of pleasure, yet remain to be described. Under such circumstances an attempt, however humble and however imperfect, to elucidate these particulars, may not prove totally uninteresting; and it is this hope that has encouraged the writer in his task.

Affect not the lofty disdainful smile, ye moderns, for after all that has been said and written, your grandfathers who are gone before, were not so very far behind you. It is true, they had not discovered the various applications of steam and electricity; neither did they practise phrenology or mesmerism: yet, for all that, they were not the uncivilized race which the imagination of some would-be sages of the day would picture them. Barbarous as they were, and refined as we are, we are not ashamed to copy them. We are not ashamed to wear the ruffles, the trains, or the stomachers which our grandmothers wore. Neither are we ashamed to borrow our scheme of an income tax or a penny post from our uncivilized grandsires. In some of our habits, indeed, we are far behind them; and while they were contented with the rural beauties of "Merrie Islington," and the other suburbs, and considered an evening spent at Copenhagen house a rational enjoyment, we seek for pleasure in the gin shop or saloon; they patronized the legitimate British drama, we encourage foreign puppets; they derived instruction from the books which they read, we seek only for amusement.

Whether the colours in which the following sketches are painted are favourable or dark, they are, I hope, just. I have not sought to represent our grandsires anything else than what they were. I have not dared to raise them above, or place them below, their just standard, but have attempted to draw their character as accurately as possible; and if its development be rather favourable than otherwise, I have merely given them their due.

The observations which I have made—my remarks on "English Life in the Eighteenth Century," do not pretend to

be a connected series; they do not form a history or a description, or even a narrative, but are simply loose sketches of the principal features of English life—rough notes on the subject, which a cursory glance or incidental reference to some old newspaper or magazine has suggested to me. The 'Daily Courant,' and the 'Public Ledger,' the 'Tatler,' the 'Spectator,' and the 'Guardian,' the 'Rambler,' and the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' 'Times,' 'Telegraph,' and the 'Annual Register,' have each contributed their portion—each and all have been referred to for an explanation of some "unconsidered trifle," and from the details which they furnished, has been compiled this too imperfect sketch of the men and manners of the last age.

PARTIALITY OF ANIMALS FOR WINES, SPIRITS, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

FRANKLIN observes, in one of his Letters, that the only animals created to drink water are those which, on their conformation, are able to lap it from the surface of the earth, whereas all those that can carry their hands to their mouths were destined to enjoy the juice of the grape. This appears to be true, for no animals are so remarkably fond of good liquor as apes, baboons, and others possessing hands, though many devoid of those organs are partial to it. The pigmy apes which inhabit most parts of Africa, the East Indies, and the island of Ceylon, are captured by the natives placing vessels containing strong spirits near the haunts of those animals, who, assembling to enjoy it, become inebriated, fall asleep altogether, and in this situation are easily taken. A female ourang-outang in Holland stealthily got hold of a bottle of Malaga, drank every drop of it, and then returned the empty bottle to its proper place. The berbe is called by Europeans the wine-bibber, from its great fondness for palm wine. A mandrill baboon, at Wombwell's menagerie, was very partial to fermented liquors and ginger beer; the large dog-faced baboon, that died at the Tower in 1828, would toss off a pot of porter with great relish, and was such an excessive toper that he at last sunk under a confirmed dropsy; a young ruffed lemur, at the Paris Museum of Natural History, was partial to spirits; a large East Indian vampire, kept by Mr Bullock, was fond of white wine, lapping it up like a cat,—half a glass of it was sufficient to make the creature extremely diverting and frolicsome, though without attempting to bite. The Marquis of Hertford had a Russian black bear, called Toby, at his seat at Sudbourne, and the animal would readily

distinguish strong ale from small beer; the racoon will drink spirits till "as drunk as a beast." The Rev. W. B. Clarke says that a saucerful of elderberry wine was the greatest delight of his dog, and that it has been very tipsy more than once. Cats will drink fermented liquors; Shakspeare talks of ale that would make a cat speak, and in the song of the 'Old Courtier,' published in the 'Prince de l'Amour,' we have this line—

"And beer and ale would make a cat to speak."

Sometime ago an innkeeper at Stirling had a thirty-pint cask of ale attacked by rats, who nearly emptied it in about six weeks. It made them so tipsy that they were frequently seen gambolling in merry groups. Chaucer, in the Prologue to his 'Canterbury Tales,' says—

"We faren as he that drunk is as a mouse."

Mr W. G. Barker states that domestic rabbits will eagerly drink ale, though two or three spoonfuls satisfy them. The elephant is so fond of wines, spirits, and arrack, that when he is required to make any greater speed or exertion of his strength, his driver promises him some for his reward, and it is dangerous to neglect the performance of such promise, for elephants have been known to kill the driver who has deceived them in such cases. Gay, in his 'Fables,' describes a sow intoxicated by eating the brewer's grains, not an unfrequent occurrence with pigs. In Hutchinson's 'Travels in Columbia' we read that Dr Solo, on hearing of the glorious victory obtained by Bolivar, was determined that every bird and beast that he possessed should get drunk on that glorious occasion. For this purpose he gave his pigs, horses, cows, and poultry as much juice of the sugar cane as they could drink, and it was very amusing to see the pigs jump about in the most frolicsome manner; a rhinoceros, exhibited in Exeter 'Change some years ago, was very fond of sweet wines, of which he would often drink three or four bottles in the course of a few hours; the Emperor Caligula indulged his horse with wine served in golden cups; Buffon states that oxen and cows are fond of wine; the Rev. Rees Pritchard, celebrated as "the Vicar of Llandoverly," who died in 1644, is said to have been cured of a habit of excessive tippling by observing that a goat which he had once made tipsy with ale, could never afterwards be persuaded to partake of that drink. This induced the vicar to resolve to abstain from a propensity of which even the ignorant goat seemed ashamed.

Some birds evince a bacchanalian taste. Maplet, an ancient British naturalist, says of parrots, "give them wine and they will be wanton enough." To induce a capon to

act the parent towards chickens entrusted to his charge, some writers recommend making him tipsy with wine or brandy when the chickens are put to him, in order, as they profess, to make him fancy himself a hen, when he sees them crowding round him. Réaumer, upon trying this, found that, in a number of instances, the capon, instead of attending to the chickens, trod upon and crushed several of them to death and gave others a drubbing with his beak.

J. H. F.

GEORGE THE FIRST AND SOPHIA OF ZELL.

HISTORIANS have generally passed over, as of very little moment, the story of the consort of George the First. The following authentic particulars will interest many readers:—

"Sophia, at the time of their marriage, was only sixteen years of age, and was a princess of great personal charms and mental endowments, yet her attractions did not retain the affections of her husband. After she had brought him a son and a daughter, he neglected his amiable consort, and attached himself to a favourite mistress.

"Such was the situation of Sophia when Count Königsmark, a Swedish nobleman, arrived at Hanover. He was a man of good figure, and professed gallantry; had been formerly enamoured of Sophia at Zell, and was supposed to have made some impression on her heart. On the sight of her his passion, which had been diminished by absence, broke out with increasing violence; he had the imprudence publicly to renew his attentions; and as George was absent at the army, he made his solicitations with redoubled ardour. Information of his attachment, and of his success, was conveyed to Ernest Augustus; and one evening, as the Count came out of her apartment, and was crossing a passage, he was put to death by persons placed to intercept him, in the presence of the Elector; and tradition still marks the spot where this murder was committed. Sophia was immediately put under arrest; and though she solemnly protested her innocence, yet circumstances spoke strongly against her.

"George, who never loved his wife, gave implicit credit to the account of her infidelity, as related by his father; consented to her imprisonment, and obtained from the ecclesiastical consistory a divorce, which was passed on the 28th of December, 1694. And even her father, the Duke of Zell, who doated on his only daughter, does not seem to have entertained any doubts of her guilt, for he always continued upon the strictest terms of friendship with Ernest Augustus, and his son-in-law.

"The unfortunate Sophia was confined in the castle of Alden, situated on the small river Aller, in the duchy of Zell. She terminated her miserable existence, after a long captivity of thirty-two years, on the 13th of November, 1726, in the sixty-first year of her age, only seven months before the death of George the First; and she was announced in the 'Gazette' under the title of the Electress Dowager of Hanover.

"During her whole confinement she behaved with no less mildness than dignity; and on receiving the sacrament once every week, never omitted, on that awful occasion, making the most solemn asseverations that she was not guilty of the crime laid to her charge. Subsequent circumstances have come to light, which appear to justify her memory; and reports are current at Hanover that her character was basely defamed, and that she fell a sacrifice to the jealousy and perfidy of the Countess of Platen, favourite mistress of Ernest Augustus. Being enamoured of Count Königsmark, who slighted her overtures, jealousy took possession of her breast; she determined to sacrifice both the lover and the princess to her vengeance, and circumstances favoured her design.

"The prince was absent at the army; Ernest Augustus was a man of warm passions and violent temper, easily irritated, and, when irritated, incapable of control. Sophia herself had treated Count Königsmark with regard and attention, and the lover was hot-headed, self-sufficient, priding himself on his personal accomplishments, and accustomed to succeed in affairs of gallantry.

"Those who exculpate Sophia assert either that a common visit was construed into an act of criminality, or that the Countess of Platen, at a late hour, summoned Count Königsmark in the name of the princess, though without her connivance; that on being introduced Sophia was surprised at his intrusion, that on quitting the apartment he was discovered by Ernest Augustus, whom the countess had placed in the gallery, and was instantly assassinated by persons whom she had suborned for that purpose.

"Many persons of credit at Hanover have not scrupled, since the death of Ernest Augustus and George the First, to express their belief that the imputation cast on Sophia was false and unjust. It is also reported that her husband having made an offer of reconciliation, she gave this noble and disdainful answer of haughty virtue unconscious of stain: 'If what I am accused of is true, I am unworthy of his bed; and if my accusation is false, he is unworthy of me. I will not accept his offers.'

THE SEASONS.

(For the Mirror.)

As the delight of gazing upon the beauties of nature, in her wildness and sublimity, has not fallen within our reach, having from an early age been principally confined to a locality equally known for its absence of undulation as for its rich and verdant pasturage, we have never felt the raptures which must be experienced whilst gazing upon a lofty mountain, or listening, with unwearied ear, to the roar of the distant cataract. Thus we have been fain to content ourselves with those universal blessings of nature which all mankind may enjoy.

The exquisite change of the seasons is, we have ever thought, the greatest of these, and each is so fraught with its own peculiar charms, that it is somewhat difficult to know which is productive of most enjoyment.

Spring, perhaps, is more generally preferred, and truly it is a lovely season. The severity of winter has passed away, and the trees, with their beautiful green foliage, succeed to leafless boughs; the little lambs, emblems of innocence, sport beside their dams, and Nature's own choristers fill the air with their songs. All nature seems renovated, everything breathes joy and gladness. In youth we hail the return of spring with delight, but as years increase upon us we cannot avoid experiencing a sensation of melancholy; whilst, in contemplating the vigour and freshness of everything around us, we reflect that for us there is no second spring, how often have we exclaimed to ourselves, in the words of the poet,—

"Give me, oh! give me back the days
When I—I too—was young,
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
New consciousness of power;
Oh happy, happy time, above all praise!
When thoughts on thoughts and crowding
fancies sprung,
And found a language in unbidden lays;
Unintermitted streams from fountains ever
flowing.
Then, as I wandered free,
In every field for me
It's thousand flowers were blowing;
A veil through which I did not see,
A thin veil o'er the world was thrown
In every bud a mystery;
Magic in everything unknown:
The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted.
Yes, give me—give me back the days of
youth,
Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance
The inextinguishable love of truth;
While life's realities are all romance.
Give me, oh! give youth's passions uncon-
fin'd
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,
Its hale, its love, its own tumultuous mind;—
Give me my youth again!"

One of the purest enjoyments of spring is to see the groups of laughter-loving children playing in the fields amidst the daisies and buttercups. With what delight do their little hearts greet the first daisy. We know not anything more pleasing than to see a lovely child with its little pinafore filled with these flowery treasures, which give them so much happiness, and seem so to accord with their innocent gaiety, that we are almost tempted to wish they could retain this happy sportiveness; but, like ourselves, they will soon find the sunny days of childhood too rapidly pass away, and they, in their turn, must share in the sorrows of maturer years.

Imperceptibly the deliciousness of spring glides into the richness of summer, with its numerous beauties. How delightful, after the heat of a long summer's day, are its calm, clear evenings and glowing sunsets; the cattle are reposing quietly in the fields, and the weary peasant is returning with heavy steps, but a light heart, to the dear companion of his cot and his smiling babes; how sweet it is to hear the distant sheep-bell and the cows cropping the grass. All nature seems at rest; and the stillness of surrounding objects invites to contemplation. When the days perceptibly shorten, what a delicious lengthener is the full harvest moon, reigning in all her quiet splendour; what a charming indistinctness do her mild beams throw over distant objects, giving full play to the imagination, which delights to fancy ancient castles, stately avenues, and all the romantic accompaniments of the days of chivalry. Then does Memory, with her magic spell, call up the joys of bygone hours, and weave her fantastic web with matchless skill. At such moments all who are near and dear to us are vividly presented to our minds; we hear their sweet voices, we see their well-known forms, until at last, interrupted in our reverie, we are obliged reluctantly to own, 'tis but a sweet illusion. Such magical effects are, however, among the most refined of our enjoyments, and must be highly prized by all who can feel them.

Next succeeds bounteous autumn, with its fields waving with corn; although we may feel a sadness in reflecting that the summer is fast fading away, and that the year is already on the wane, still how much there is to be admired in this season. What can be more rich than the varied hues of the leaves, the golden tint of autumn? How exhilarating is the air in fine September and October mornings; the sound of the wind rustling through the trees causes an agreeable sensation, in which the solemn and the grand are predominant, reminding us of the ceaseless roar of the majestic ocean.

And now winter advances with its stern grandeur. Thus harmoniously do the seasons blend with each other, like the lights and shades thrown into a beautiful picture. Now that the trees have become leafless we see the delicate formation of their branches, and, with a clear blue sky above them, they have an exquisite appearance; their trunks encircled with ivy, ever green and beautiful, is an apt emblem of true affection, which survives the decay of these summer charms; in open winter there is a humidity about the evergreens which reminds us of the dews of milder seasons. The ivy overhanging the ruined arch gives it a freshness of appearance which makes us almost feel as if spring were really come. In severer winters there are numberless charms for the lover of nature:—the snow, emblem of spotless purity,—the water, covered with ice, affording a delightful pastime to our youth, and almost carrying us to more northern scenes; and, above all, the rime frost, encrusting every spray with its glittering particles, transforming the trees into a grove of coral, have an indescribably beautiful effect. The excessive stillness which such mornings as these pervades the senses is inexpressibly delightful. They err greatly who think that a winter spent in the country must necessarily be dreary and offer no attractions; it possesses them in abundance if we have but taste enough to relish them.

One of the greatest enjoyments of winter are its long uninterrupted evenings. Our Christian poet, Cowper, has given us a graphic delineation of these dear domestic pleasures. At no time of the year does a whole family draw so entirely together as at these delightful seasons, sacred to the pure and heartfelt enjoyments of friendship; then, with what rapture do we, with some chosen friend joining the social circle, turn over the pages of our favourite authors, and speak of the varied excellencies of each. Most frequently poetry—that sweet softener and refiner of life, is resorted to, and the pages of our cherished poets are searched with enthusiastic delight. Anon, biography is the theme—social improvement, and the general happiness of mankind are spoken of with interest; a little innocent railery, exciting to a generous emulation, but no envious rivalry, sometimes enlivens us. An evening now and then spent in this way invigorates the mind, and throws a halo of enjoyment over this season.

Thus spring, summer, autumn, winter—all have their characteristic charms, and testify of the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator, who has ordained this delightful interchange of the seasons, for the express enjoyment and benefit of mankind.

ELISE.

INTRIGUE AND LOVE.

A Mr FETTES, of Alnwick, proposes shortly to publish a translation of the drama entitled 'Intrigue and Love,' from the German of Schiller. An extract from the manuscript follows below, which seems to prove Mr Fettes equal to the task. To the proper understanding of the scene, we copy from the 'Berwick Warbler' a brief description of the fable:—

"The *Cabale und Liebe* (Intrigue and Love) was published after the 'Robbers and Fieschi.' Ferdinand, the son of the prime minister at the court of a German prince, an enthusiastic and noble-minded youth, when taking lessons in music from an honest, worthy violinist of the name of Miller, falls in love with his daughter, a pretty, low-born maiden, who is of a kindred spirit with his own, and tenderly reciprocates his attachment. Worm (the private secretary of the minister) is also in love with Louise, and finds out that Ferdinand is his rival. He communicates the fact to the president, a deep, designing, hard-hearted, political schemer, one who has reached his giddy height by foul play. The father takes prompt measures to anticipate the consequences. His plan is to compel Ferdinand to marry Lady Milford, an English lady, who had fled from England in troublesome times, and been left an orphan in her exile, and at that time the favourite of the prince. Not succeeding in this, Worm suggests the idea of exciting jealousy in Ferdinand's mind. The president gets Louise's father sent to prison, and in order to procure his release, she is induced by threats and entreaties to write a letter with her own signature to a Baron von Kall, which is purposely dropped, so that it may fall into Ferdinand's hands. This succeeds. Jealousy is excited, and eventually he administers poison to her in a glass of lemonade, of which he himself also drinks. An explanation then ensues, too late. Her innocence is proved, but the fatal poison soon takes mortal effect; both expire, and Worm and the president, the real instigators, are hurried off to answer for their crimes.

"The first act opens with a scene in Miller's house. The mother is proud of the attentions paid to her daughter by Ferdinand, and somewhat sharp words pass between her and the husband, who suspects Ferdinand's intentions, gets heated with his subject, and declares that he will wait on his excellency, and say to him, 'Your highness's son has an eye on my daughter; my daughter is too humble to be your son's wife. But my daughter is too precious to be your son's mistress.' Worm enters, and Mrs Miller, whose garrulity and vanity are well matched, soon lets him know how things stand, and the high prospects of her daughter. He endeavours

to woo the maiden through the father, but Miller tells him flatly that he will never fasten a husband about his daughter's neck against her inclination, and he must be content to carry the willow basket and drink a bottle with her father. Worm seizes his stick, and hurries out of the room. Louise enters, and the following dialogue ensues:—

"LOUISE (lays down the book, goes to her father, and takes his hand).—Good morning, dear father."

"MILL. (tenderly).—Right, my Louise. I am glad you remember your Creator, and attend on his worship so diligently; continue so, and his Almighty arm will protect and guide you."

"LOUISE.—O! father, I am a great sinner. Was he here, mother?"

"Mrs M.—Who, my child?"

"LOUISE.—Ah! I forgot. There are others besides him. My head is so distracted. Was he not here—Ferdinand?"

"MILL. (in a melancholy mood).—I thought my Louise had forgotten that name in the church."

"LOUISE (after gazing at him abstractedly).—I understand you, father; I feel the arrow piercing my soul, but it comes too late. I have no more devotion: Heaven and Ferdinand contend for my heart; and I fear, I fear (sighing deeply), yet—no—dear father. Is not the artist most delighted when he sees us lost in admiration of the beauty of his picture? Must not God forgive me if, when lost in adoration of his master work, I seem to forget himself?"

"MILL.—Ah! there it is; that's the fruit of ungodly reading."

"LOUISE (steps to the window).—Where may he be at this moment? The high-born ladies may see him—may hear him; but I am a low-born, forgotten maiden—(starting at her own words, she rushes to her father)—no, no; forgive me; I do not lament my lot. I will only think a little of him, that cannot be wrong. Oh! that I could breathe out this small spark of life as a gentle balmy zephyr, to cool his face! Were this floweret of life but a violet in his path, that, stepping on it, it might die modestly beneath his tread! This would satisfy me. Father, can the proud majestic sun punish the innocent butterfly that disports itself in its beams?"

"MILL.—Hear me, Louise. Gladly would I give up the small remains of my existence had you never seen the major."

"LOUISE (alarmed).—What say you? Oh, no! you mean otherwise, my dear father. You know not that Ferdinand is mine, created for my happiness by the Father of the loving. When I first beheld him, the blood started to my cheeks, every pulse beat happiness, each ebullition spoke joy, each breath whispered it is he—my

heart acknowledged him for whom it had always sighed, my soul confirmed it; and as the song of jubilee rang through the rejoicing world of love, then, oh then, the first morning of existence dawned in my soul; a thousand joyous feelings, unknown before, were created in my heart, as the flowers burst forth from the earth at the approach of spring. Creation was no longer visible to me, yet it never appeared so beautiful. I thought no more of a Creator, yet I never loved him with so much sincerity."

"MILL. (clasps her fondly in his arms).—Louise, dear, noble child, take my old stupid head—take all, all. But the major, God is my witness, I can never give him to thee."

[Exit MILLER.]

"LOUISE.—I do not want him now, my father. My few short moments of existence appear already but a delightful dream of Ferdinand. For this life I give him up; but in another, where the differences of birth and station are dissolved, where all the divisions of rank are destroyed, where men only are men; though I bring nothing with me but my innocence, then shall I be rich; for my father has often told me that pomp and dazzling titles are cheap in heaven, but hearts rise in value. There the tears of innocence are accounted triumphs, and noble thoughts proud ancestry. Then, mother, I shall be noble, and in what can he be wealthier than I?"

The Victoria and Prince Albert Gallery.—Subsequently to the visit of the Queen of England to the Château d'Eu, the King of the French commissioned several artists to decorate a gallery, to which his Majesty had given the name of "Victoria and Prince Albert Gallery." The arrival of the British fleet in the road of Tréport, the landing, entry into Eu, the dinners, concerts, visits to the church and forest, and the re-embarkation, form the subject of as many pictures in it, with the busts, portraits, and statues of the principal personages who accompanied the Queen.

Multiplication.—If the human race, beginning from one pair, were to double once in 30 years, or if the excess of births over deaths were to double the population once in 30 years, then, at the end of 3,000 years, the population might be described as follows:—Take men, women, and children, at an average height of four feet, and imagine a vast plain of the same surface as the whole earth and sea. Let each person be allowed one square foot to stand upon, and let the "surplus population," after the plain is full, stand upon the heads of the others, with others again upon their heads, and so on. The pile would extend to a height of 3,688 times the distance from the earth to the sun (sun's distance 95,000,000 of miles; earth's radius 3,956 miles.)—*Athenæum.*



Arms. Az., a fesse, sa., between three lions' heads, erased, gu.

Crest. Out of a ducal coronet, or, a cock's head, gu., crested and wattled, or.

Supporters. Two lions, ppr.

Motto. "Hora e sempre." "Now and always."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF POMFRET.

THIS family, the Fermors, was, many centuries ago, seated on the lordship of Somerton, in Oxfordshire. Its ancestor came to England in the ranks of William the Conqueror; one branch of the family was established by Robert Fermor, or Farmar, in Ireland. Passing over the immediate descendants from the Norman warrior, we find, in the reign of Henry VIII, Richard Fermour, who, as a merchant of Calais, had amassed great wealth, established at Eston-Neston, in the county of Northampton. By his zealous defence of the Church of Rome he brought upon himself the hostility of Henry; and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, his Majesty's Vicar-General, moved, it has been supposed, by avarice, caused the whole of his fortune to be confiscated under a *premunire*, in consequence of his having relieved Nicholas Thayne, his *quondam* confessor, while he was confined in Buckingham gaol. He suffered largely for his consistent humanity, but his estate was partly restored in the time of Edward VI. He recovered his mansion at Eston-Neston, where he died, much esteemed, Nov. 17, 1552, and his eldest son, by Anne, daughter of Sir William Browne, Lord Mayor of London, succeeded to his estate. This gentleman's christian name was John. He was made one of the Knights of the Carpet, Oct. 2, 1553, the day after the coronation of Queen Mary, in her Majesty's presence, under the cloth of state, by the Earl of Arundel, commissioner for the occasion. Sir John Fermor represented the county of Northampton in two parliaments, and was sheriff of the county in the 4th and 5th of Philip and Mary. He married Maud, daughter of Sir Nicholas Vaux, Knt., Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, and was succeeded at his decease, Dec. 12, 1571, by his eldest son, George Fermor, Esq. He was knighted in 1586, and had the honour of entertaining James I and his Queen, June 11, 1603, when his Majesty conferred the honour of

knighthood on his eldest son, by Mary, daughter and heiress of Thos. Curzon, Esq., of Water Perry, in the county of Oxford. This son, Sir Hatton, succeeded his father, Sir George, in Dec. 1612. In the 15th of James I he served as sheriff of Northamptonshire. He married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edmund Anderson, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, but by her had no issue. His second wife was Anna, daughter of Sir William Cockain, Lord Mayor of London, by whom he had five sons and six daughters. At his decease, Oct. 28, 1640, he was succeeded by his eldest son, William Fermor, Esq., of Eston-Neston, who was created a baronet in 1641. Sir William distinguished himself during the civil wars in the royal cause, and, in consequence, suffered very severely in his fortunes, but had the happiness to live till the restoration of Charles II. He married Mary, daughter of Hugh Perry, Esq., of London, and relict of Henry Noel, second son of Edward Viscount Camden. In 1671 he fell a victim to the small pox, when he was succeeded by his eldest son, of the same name, who was elevated to the peerage in April 12, 1692, by the title of Baron Lemster, of Lemster or Leominster, in the county of Hereford. He was three times married, and, at his decease in 1711, was succeeded by his only son, the issue of his third marriage, which was Sophia, a daughter of Thomas Duke of Leeds, and relict of Donatus Lord O'Bryen.

Thomas, the second baron, K.B., was advanced to an earldom Dec. 27, 1751, by the title of Earl Pomfret, of Pontefract, in the county of York. He married, in 1750, Henrietta Louisa, daughter and heir of John Lord Jeffreys, by whom he had a family of three sons and five daughters. He died July 8, 1753, and was succeeded by his eldest son George. This nobleman was one of the lords of the bedchamber and ranger of the little park at Windsor. He married, in 1764, Miss Anne Maria Drayton, of Sudbury, in the county of

Middlesex, to whom Lady Jane Coke, relict of Robert Coke, Esq., bequeathed a considerable fortune. He had issue by her, two sons and a daughter, of whom George, the eldest son, on his death, June 6, 1785, succeeded to the title. He was born Jan., 6, 1768, and married, in 1793, Miss Brown, daughter and heir of Trollope Brown, Esq. On his death the title devolved upon his brother, Thomas William. His widow survived till 1799.

Thomas William, just mentioned, was born Nov. 22, 1770, and became a lieutenant-general in the army. He married, Jan. 13, 1823, Amabel Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Sir Richard Brough, by whom he had issue two sons and a daughter. He died June 29, 1833. His lady afterwards married with the Rev. William Thorpe, D.D. The present baronet was born Dec. 31, 1824, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father. He is of course still a minor.

THE WRECK.*

THE vessel strikes! Oh, God! its crash
Annihilates all hope;
For as the foaming billows dash,
What power with them can cope!

Two guileless children, happy while
Around is dire dismay;
Returning each endearing smile,
Engage in thoughtless play.

Sweet innocents! they little reek
What peril yawns beneath;
That presently the sinking deck
Will give them both to death.

A gentle mother looks on them,
Then, with firm trust on high,
Beyond the star-gem'd diadem
That crowns night's ebony sky.

She with her babes beneath the wave
Will in unbroken sleep
Repose, not in a love-watched grave
Where mourning kindred weep.

But glorious faith—a heavenly Sire
Surveys them from above;
To him her fervent hopes aspire
All trusting to his love.

Serenely she awaits that doom
Which many sufferers share:
See how the rushing waters come
Like torrents of despair.

The crush'd bark sinks; in pity, heaven,
Eternal mercy send;
That priceless hope to mortals given
Fulfil, Almighty Friend. L. M. S.

GARDENING HINTS.

(Continued from page 135.)

MARCH.

Leeks.—Sow the broad-leaved London in a warm situation the first favourable opportunity. The seed should be scat-

tered thinly over a small bed, and covered lightly from the alley, beating it in with the head of the rake when levelling the surface.

Lettuce.—A few seeds may be scattered thinly amongst the onions and carrots, or on a small bed by themselves; the green or white cos are the best; and if cabbage lettuce is desired, the imperial or grand admiral may be sown: they must be protected from birds. Endeavour to obtain a few cos lettuce plants which have been wintered in frames to set now in a warm rich plot.

Mint.—Roots may be divided, and new plantations made.

Onions should be sown about the middle of the month, or before, if the weather permits. The ground should have been bastard trenched and ridged in autumn, and manured at the same time, therefore nothing but levelling down the ridges will be necessary now. For light soil, clay, and pig or cow dung mixed, will be found the best dressing; a piece of the best ground in the garden should always be devoted to onions. Sowing in drills is preferable to broadcast, as it ensures a regular crop, which is easier kept clean. After the ground has been levelled, mark it off in beds four feet and a half wide, with fourteen inch alleys; then draw drills an inch deep along the beds about six or eight inches apart, sow the seed immediately, and after covering tread it in regularly; if the ground should be in such a state as not to admit this without binding the surface, it will be hardly prudent to sow; but if it has been ridged, this will scarcely happen. After the plants are fairly above ground, nothing is so beneficial to their well-doing as having the soil about them frequently stirred, and being kept free from weeds. The best kind is the new white globe—a good keeper, and being of a globular shape, a greater weight is produced upon the same space than by any other kind.

Parsley should be sown, the first favourable opportunity—the seed usually takes six or seven weeks before it makes its appearance above ground; it may be sown as an edging to the walks or on a border. When put in for an edging, the drills should be drawn with great care and regularity about an inch deep, and three from the edge of the walk; if in a plot, six or eight inches apart. In covering let the soil be well broken. When the plants are full grown, any bearing uncurled leaves should be drawn out, and as soon as the earliest leaves begin to turn yellow a portion may be cut over close to the ground in succession; this will cause the plants to produce finer leaves, and stand the winter better.

Parsneps.—These should be sown at the

* This poem is founded upon an incident related by a survivor of the ill-fated 'Pegasus.'

same time and on an adjoining piece to the carrots, as they require similar treatment; the drills for these should be about one and a half inch deep, and one foot apart. They are an extremely nutritious and profitable crop, and should therefore be grown largely by every cottager. Boiled and eaten with salt fish or meat in the spring, they are delicious, and cows fed with them yield an abundance of milk. In sowing them, three or four seeds may be dropt in the drills, six or eight inches apart. The hollow crown parsnep is the best.

Peas.—A succession may be sown of dwarf blue imperial or blue Prussian—they both grow about three feet high, and no better or more prolific peas can be sown at this season. Earth up and stick the early kinds as soon as they are high enough. They cannot be sticked too soon at this season, as they act as protection. In drawing drills, either make one wide at the bottom, or draw double drills, and sow thinly. The rows should range north and south if possible.

Potatoes.—This is by far the most important plant we have to speak of; and although the season for the main crops has not arrived, there needs no excuse for introducing the subject, that some of the features in its successful culture may be impressed on the mind. Various interesting experiments have been made upon the manner of growing this root, which we might detail, but we will content ourselves in this instance with giving the modes of treatment which have proved the best. The time of planting depends a good deal upon the locality and nature of the soil; and although they have succeeded well from the end of February to the same time in June, yet either very early or late planting ought to be avoided: we shall, however, detail a method which in light soil and warm situations will amply repay the trouble either for home consumption, or with a view to profit—this plan is practised in Lancashire, Devonshire, and many parts of Ireland, and is termed the "lazy bed" planting; it is performed as follows: Mark out the ground, four feet and a half for the beds and two feet for the alleys: then remove about four inches off the surface of the beds into the alleys, afterwards digging the beds; and if the soil is not in good heart, manure must be added under the potatoes if at all heavy, but if very light place it above them. By putting manure under early potatoes on strong soil, it acts as drainage. The sets, which should be good-sized potatoes of the ash-leaved kidney, early frame, fox's seedling, or any other dwarf-growing early kind, must then be planted about eight inches apart all over the surface, placing them carefully with their crown-eyes upwards; they will then rise stronger than if laid on

their sides, as the crown-eyes of a potato bear the same reference to those at the sides, as the terminal buds of trees do to the lower ones. Should the potatoes be so large as to make two good sets, keep the crown separate and plant each by themselves, and they will form a succession. Small potatoes should not be used for planting at this or indeed any season. As the plants appear upon the surface, a little soil must be added to keep off frost. In very small gardens this plan may be adopted with good success at a later period with dwarf growing kinds.

Radish.—Some seed of the scarlet short-top and turnip-rooted kinds may be scattered with the main crops of carrots, &c.; they will be fit for use before the crops can be damaged by them; but if room is no object, sow them by themselves, and cover as before.

Rhubarb.—This valuable plant should occupy a corner in every garden, however limited; and the cottager will find it useful and wholesome for himself and children, from its cooling properties. Independent of the cheap pies and tarts which are made of the stalks, they may be boiled and eaten with bread; by blanching the stalks, which is readily done, they are not only improved in flavour and come to perfection earlier, but one-half the quantity only of sugar is required. To accomplish this, it is but necessary to exclude the light; a large flower-pot or old butter-firkin will do this, or a few hazel-rods or rails covered with fern or straw, or any similar means as circumstances may dictate. If the crowns have been mulched during winter, they will be forwarded.

Spinach may be sown between peas or beans, or by itself, but is not a crop to be recommended at this season in a cottage-garden, being neither nourishing as food, nor durable as a crop.

Turnips.—In warm situations a few of the six weeks turnips may be sown upon a south border with a view to profit, as they are usually very scarce; the border should be dug in a sloping form, and the plants attended to regularly with water.

Reviews.

The Art of Letter-Writing Simplified. Cradock and Co.

To instruct a tolerably well educated person how to write a letter will doubtless, at first sight, appear a work of supererogation. "You may as well pretend to teach me the alphabet," will perhaps be the exclamation of many. Yet few will read the little work before us without being informed or reminded of something worth knowing in relation to epistolary correspondence. To us it appears the subject has been well

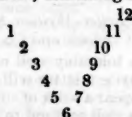
considered, and the result is, some plain rules are laid down, so plain that they cannot be misunderstood, so obviously fit that they can hardly be called in question, and yet not deficient in ingenuity or happy arrangement. The writer submits the following plan :—

"When you sit down to write a letter, think of your subject,—of the circumstances you wish to state. On a spare piece of paper put down your loose ideas, your various points, promiscuously as they occur. For instance, I will suppose that you have a dozen different heads, more or less, on which you desire to expatiate. Put them all down (leaving a little margin on the left-hand side of your paper), no matter in what order, one after another, as they occur. A single word will in most cases suffice to lead your memory. Having proceeded so far, consider in what manner, in what order, the different heads of your letter may be arranged, so as to produce a harmonious and effective whole, and number them in the margin accordingly, 1, 2, 3, &c. There are three modes by which your task may be successfully accomplished; the mode to be determined by circumstances, and by your own taste and judgment.

"*First.*—I will suppose you have numbered your subjects according to their intrinsic importance, 1, 2, 3, &c., and that you wish to treat of them in that order, commencing with No. 1. By this means you will first state your most important point, and then gradually descend, numerically, and close with No. 12, the least significant in the series. To this mode, unless for short letters, there is an objection: your letter incurs the risk of becoming tame, feeble, and unimpressive at the close.

"*Second.*—Number your subjects inversely; that is, let your first head, No. 1, be of the slightest consideration in the series; No. 2 will possess an interest somewhat higher; No. 3 will become still more interesting; your letter will thus grow upon the attention of the reader as he proceeds; and, by reserving the most important point till the last, it will terminate with a strong and impressive climax.

"*Third.*—For long letters, or for letters embracing a great variety of subjects, this will generally be found the most preferable; but still, as I have said, the mode must be determined by circumstances, and by the taste and judgment of the writer. Adopt, first the *descending*, and then the *ascending* scale; from *superior* to *inferior*, and then from *inferior* to *superior*; something like this:—



That is, commence with No. 1, as an important point, though of less importance than No. 12; thus, descend in the importance of the respective points till you reach the bottom of the scale, No. 6; after which you may ascend from the comparatively insignificant

point, No. 6, till you gradually reach the most important point of all, No. 12. Or you may number your subjects in a double series, according to the modes, *First* and *Second*, thus:—

Superior	1	—	1	Inferior
	2	—	2	
	3	—	3	
	4	—	4	
	5	—	5	
Inferior	6	—	6	Superior.

"By these means, the commencement of your letter will be good, and its termination will be better; and calculated to leave a clear and strong impression on the mind of the reader."

The examples given are well chosen. One is particularly striking; we copy it with the introduction:—

"In our epistolary correspondence, there are perhaps no letters so difficult to indite with due effect as those of condolence on the death of relations or near and dear friends. Yet, no difficulty, no experience of painful sensations, must be allowed to deter the writer from the performance of one of the most sacred duties entailed on our sublunary state. Letters of condolence from the sympathising pen of friendship, fall upon the heart of man like the gentle dews of evening on the parched earth. In the composition of such, there must be no high-flown words or expressions—no straining after effect. If heart speak not to heart, in the simplest, most soothing language of nature, words will, to the sufferer, prove cold and unimpressive—worse than useless. Be it ever borne in mind, that, to the afflicted—to the mourner in spirit—there is only one true source of consolation;—that we shall meet those we love in another and a better world, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest. This is the hope our blessed religion holds out to us, and its realization will amply repay our sorrows here, whilst the anticipated joy blunts the edge of present grief."

"The subjoined epistle is from a lady—a young lady, but high in literary fame—to a father, after the loss of an only and much beloved daughter. It has not before been submitted to the public eye. To mention the writer's name would shed lustre upon a work of infinitely more importance than this.

"My dear Mr . . ."

"I should have immediately replied to your melancholy note of the 11th inst., had I not been considerably indisposed since the period of its receipt. I pray you to believe how very sincerely I sympathise with you on the loss which you have sustained; although I am perfectly aware that all verbal condolence is vain, under the circumstances. Nevertheless, even at my age, I have become so much worn and harassed by the trials of the world, that I cannot refrain from looking upon that *early rest*, which is at times granted to the young, as a blessing which the survivors are totally unable to appreciate. There is a purity and a holiness in the apotheosis of those who leave us in their brightness and their beauty, which instinctively

lead us to a persuasion of their beatitude. How many temptations have they not escaped! How many faults and errors have they not avoided! How many sorrows have they not been spared!—We dare not, then, mourn for them—we can only weep for ourselves. And these very considerations should rob our tears of all their bitterness.

“May these and still more efficient consolations be yours, my dear sir; and may you find comfort in the conviction, that those whom you have loved on earth will be prepared to welcome you in heaven.

“Ever, my dear Mr . . .
“Very faithfully yours.”

PRESENT STATE OF THE ISLAND OF HONG KONG.

SOME particulars of this island appeared in the ‘Mirror’ several months back. The following more detailed account will, however, be read with interest:—

Hong Kong, China, Sept. 1843.

Hong Kong is one of the larger islands of that group near the mouth of the river Tigris. In size it is about eight miles from east to west, and the widest part is not more than six miles; but it is very irregular, the land jutting boldly out here and there, forming a succession of headlands and bays. Imagine, then, an island considerably longer than broad, perfectly mountainous, and sloping in a rugged manner to the sea; having here and there, almost at equal distances along the coast, deep ravines, which extend from the tops of the mountains and gradually become deeper and wider as they approach the sea. Immense blocks of stone (granite) are in these valleys, or ravines, which have either been bared by the rapid currents of water, or which have tumbled into them from the mountain sides at some former period. In each of these ravines there is abundance of excellent water, flowing at all seasons of the year: and hence the poetical name which the Chinese choose to give this island—Hong Kong, the island of fragrant streams. During the wet season (for it rains in torrents then) these little streams become very soon swollen, and then rush down from the mountains with a velocity which sweeps everything before it.

You will readily imagine there is very little flat ground capable of cultivation on the island. Indeed the only place of any size is a small valley of a few acres in extent, lying to the eastward of the town of Victoria, called “Wang-nai-chung” by the Chinese, and sometimes the “Happy Valley” by the English; and here we have numerous small gardens and paddy fields, very well managed by the inhabitants.

The principal Chinese towns on the island are Little Hong Kong and Chick-

chow, both of which are on the south side: at the latter there is now an extensive military station for English troops. The town of Victoria is built, and building, on the north side, all along the shores of the bay. The houses are planned in the most irregular manner; but you will be astonished when I tell you that, in almost all instances, the Chinamen build their bricks all one way, without a single tie crossways, so that they of course frequently tumble down even before the building is finished. Architects, however, are now out here, who will see that the houses are built in a more substantial manner. Already there are hundreds of excellent Chinese shops opened in the town, containing many articles as good as one can find in Canton, but generally higher in price. There is also a good market-place, abundantly supplied with its various commodities, particularly fowls, fruit, and vegetables. A firm broad road has been made all along the shore, forming the principal street of the town; and various other roads of lesser note have been made in different parts of the island, by the government, for the recreation of the inhabitants. There are various public buildings worthy of notice; for example, the Medical Missionary Hospital, the Morrisonian Education Society’s House, the Roman Catholic Church, Government House, &c. It is worthy of remark, perhaps, that while the Roman Catholics have a splendid chapel, the English Episcopal church is a mat shed.

The bay is a fine one, completely sheltered by the mountains of Hong Kong on the south, and those of Cowloon on the opposite shores; the anchorage is excellent, and ships can ride here in safety during the strongest gales. I cannot add to all these things that the place is healthy, for most certainly it is very much the reverse. Fever prevails to a great extent during the hot season, and it is extremely fatal. Those who are seized generally fly to Macao, which is considered much more healthy. The inhabitants of Macao, who generally look with a jealous eye upon Hong Kong, say they are astonished if they see any one coming from that place without his head being shaved. The south side of the island is comparatively healthy, and there are certain parts of the north much more so than others; but that part near the west end of the bay called West Point, and the valley of Wang-nai-chung, before mentioned, seem to be most unhealthy. It may be possible to improve such places, to a certain extent, by draining and by removing the rice fields, but I fear the principal cause can never be got rid of, which I believe to be the situation of the town.

Throughout all my wanderings in the

island I found the inhabitants not only perfectly harmless, but particularly civil and kind. I have visited their glens and their mountains—have stumbled on their villages and towns—and, from all the intercourse which I have had with them, I am bound to give them this character. But I always make it a rule to put no temptation in their way; and at the same time, while I showed by my deportment that I wished to be friendly, I always had the means of defending myself should I be attacked. I believe that the Chinese, in the Canton province particularly, where they have had much intercourse with foreigners, are generally deceitful, and not to be depended upon; at least, they bear this character here. Hong Kong swarms with thieves, and the more wealthy of the inhabitants find it absolutely necessary to keep a private watchman walking all night round their premises, to prevent them from being broken into, and this independent of the regular police. Pirates swarm all about the islands near the mouth of the Canton river; and lorchas which leave Hong Kong or Macao with passengers and cargo are frequently cut off. A most melancholy case of this kind happened lately, when a doctor belonging to one of the regiments here was murdered. I can assure you, from experience, that one does not sleep very soundly on board of a vessel of this kind, in a dark night, amongst the islands between Macao and Hong Kong.

The Chinese in this part of the country are particularly independent, and are rendered more so by the English who reside here. A boatman, who would not make a dollar in a fortnight amongst his countrymen, thinks nothing of demanding this sum for rowing you with your luggage from the ship to the shore. The Chinese, in their dealings with the English, seem to think as little of dollars as we do of shillings at home.—*Athenæum*.

Miscellaneous.

DIFFERENT METHODS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF TIMBER—Burnett's Antiseptic Solution is the chloride of zinc, patented by Sir William Burnett in 1838, and which has been very successfully tried at the Woolwich Dockyards, and is now becoming adopted in the navy. It has been found superior to Kyan's Patent Solution, the chloride of mercury. The solution of the chloride of zinc contains one pound of the chloride to five gallons of water. Another simple process for preserving wood and other substances appears to be that of Mr John Bethell. This consists in the application of creosote, along with coal-tar, or other bituminous matter. The wood is

thoroughly saturated to the centre of the log with great rapidity. A load of fir timber will absorb as much as forty gallons, the close-grained woods less. A cubic foot of beech usually weighs 8 lbs. heavier after it has been prepared by this plan than before. The price of the creosote is 3d. per gallon. In some places—Liverpool, for instance—it may be had for 2½d. Preserved timber, by Bethell's process, is supplied to the railways at 15s. a load beyond the price of common timber. The use of creosote is strongly recommended by Sir John Barrow, in his 'Life of Lord Anson.' He states that Kyan's Patent (corrosive sublimate) does not prevent decay, neither does it prevent the teredo navalis from penetrating the timber, as has been proved at the dockyards. Wood treated with creosote becomes nearly waterproof, and is not touched by the teredo navalis; it requires no painting, but after exposure of some days it loses every unpleasant smell.

SUGAR; WITH A METHOD TO DETECT THE ADULTERATION WITH GRAPE SUGAR.

—The sugar cane itself, originally a native of India or China, was introduced into Sicily, by the way of Egypt and Syria, at a period antecedent to the crusades. It was carried, in 1420, by the Portuguese to Madeira, and subsequently, by the same people and the Spaniards, to Brazil, and to the West India Islands. The process of sugar making in the British West India colonies has probably undergone but little change for two centuries or more, except in the improvement of the machinery for crushing the ripe canes and extracting the juice. The tempering with lime, clarifying by heat, and quick evaporation in a series of open pans, still remain. Under the most favourable circumstances a large quantity of molasses is always produced; and as we know from the experiments of M. Peligot that nothing but crystallizable sugar exists in the juice of the cane, this production of treacle must be ascribed to an alteration of the sugar from the high temperature of the liquid in the open pans towards the termination of the boiling. The excellent plan now adopted by the refiners of the raw or Muscovado sugar, for concentrating their purified and bleached syrup by evaporation in vessels from which the air is exhausted, was invented and patented in 1813 by the Hon. C. E. Howard. Under this system the product of sugar is greatly increased, and its quality much improved, while little uncrystallizable syrup would be produced. This is, however, but a part, although an essential one, of the improvement of which the sugar cultivation and manufacture are susceptible. The East India sugars are made in part from the juice of a palm; the crude product, or *jaggery*, is subjected to a kind of refining process before exportation. These sugars are

softer and less crystalline, and inferior in sweetness to those of the West Indies. The cause of the latter fact is to be sought for in the quantity of *grape sugar* they contain, which, indeed, is found more or less in every sample of raw sugar, having been produced in the first boiling at the expense of the crystallizable portion. For the purpose of detecting the presence of the grape sugar recourse may be had to a beautiful experiment of Trommer, described in the 'Annalen de Chemie und Pharmacie,' for 1841, p. 360. The sugar to be examined is dissolved in water, mixed with solution of sulphate of copper, and then a large excess of caustic potash added. The blue precipitate at first thrown down is re dissolved with intense purplish blue colour by the excess of alkali. So far, both cane and grape sugar behave alike; but on heating the liquid to the boiling point, the cane sugar solution undergoes but little change, while that containing the grape sugar yields a copious precipitate of brilliant red suboxide of copper. This experiment might possibly be put into a form applicable to the *assay* of sugars, in which the proportion of grape sugar, that is, worthless sugar, should be inferred from the quantity of suboxide of copper produced from a given weight of the sample. The cheaper kinds of raw sugar, chiefly consumed by the poor, are sometimes cruelly adulterated by an intentional admixture of grape sugar, manufactured on a large scale for the purpose from potato starch.

The Catherer.

Disuse of the French Language in England.—From the Conquest down to the time of Edward the Third at all seminaries the scholars were obliged to construe the Latin lessons into French. In 'Caxton's Edition of Higden's Polychronicon by Trevisa,' 1482, book I, we read that in the next reign this was altered. He writes—"Sir Johan Cornuayl, a mayster of gramer, chaunged the techyng in gramer scole and construction of Frenssh in to englysshe, and other Scoolmaysters use the same way now in the yere of oure lord Mij C lxx the ix yere of kyng Rychard the second and leue all frenssh in scoles, and use al construction in englyssh. Wher in they haue auantage one way that is that they lerne the sonner theyr gramer. And in another disauantage For now they lerne no Frenssh ne can none. Whiche is hurte for them that shal passe the see."

Impurity of Thames Water.—The water of the river is so defiled that flounders brought from the Medway, when they get above Woolwich, fly about in the wells of the boats, through which the water flows, turn up, and die.

Relics of Sir Christopher Wren.—The house, in Friday street, Cheapside, which Sir Christopher Wren occupied during the period when he was employed in the erection of St Paul's Cathedral, has just been levelled with the ground. His office in St Paul's churchyard, corner of Doctors' Commons, remains. His walking-stick, with a small compass at the top of it, is in the Soanean Museum.

Encouragement to Sculptors.—A gentleman of the name of Hobart, who died suddenly in May last, has left a testamentary paper, in the form of a letter, written, shortly before his death, to a Mr Blake, of Norwich, in which he directs that the liberal sum of 4,425*l.* shall be applied to the execution of an equestrian statue of himself! This laudable provision against the country's being put to any expense in the care of his immortality, has been met by the narrow and unartistic spirit of self-interest; and the paper propounded as a will, has been opposed in the Ecclesiastical Court. Sir Herbert Jenner Fust was of opinion, that, "though the bequest might be an evidence of the egregious vanity of the deceased, it was not sufficient to justify the court in holding that he was insane;" and he admitted the paper to probate.

Male and Female Education.—When a young man leaves school he is said to be prepared for college. When a girl leaves school her education is said to be finished; and in that phrase one of the evil influences which pervade the education of girls may be seen.—*Mrs Reed.*

Words not in Dictionaries.—A calculation has been made by a late accurate philologist that there are 13,000 words in common use in England which do not appear in any dictionary of the language.

A Patriarch.—The Prussian traveller, Dr Leipsius, writing from Egypt, says, "Yesterday we had a visit from the old, blind, but stately and rich Hassan Keschef, of Derr, the neighbouring capital of Nubia. This chief has 42 wives living out of 64, by whom he has 29 sons and 17 daughters still living: he probably has not counted the number of the dead, but, according to the usual proportion in this country, he has had about 198 children born to him."

Pelargonium or Geranium Leaves a Cure for Wounds.—The leaves of the pelargonium are, as everybody knows, strongly scented; some smell of rose, others of lemons, apples, &c.; there are also other sorts, which, when bruised, have a disagreeable odour. All the varieties of this genus contain a large quantity of essential oil, which is usually fatty; there are several sorts which are cultivated in the open air in the south of France, and particularly at Nice, for the purpose of extracting the oil, which is sold to the

perfumers. The leaves of all pelargoniums have also the property of quickly healing cuts, places where the skin has been rubbed off, and other sores of that kind. You take one leaf or more of the pelargonium, which you bruise upon a piece of linen; you then apply it to the sore place, and it often happens that one leaf is sufficient to heal the wound. It sticks closely to the surrounding skin, and helps to close the flesh, and heals the wound in a short time.

Cultivation of Onions by the Tartars.—The Tartars, who bring all sorts of vegetables to Wilna, the capital of the grand duchy of Lithuania, have a particular method of cultivating onions. Instead of raising them from seeds, in which they do not succeed, or which appears to them too long a process, they dry and smoke in a chimney those which they wish to propagate, and in spring, when the time to plant them is arrived, they cut them diagonally into quarters, but so as not to separate the pieces entirely one from the other. They set these onions in rows, when thus prepared, in good soil well dug, but not freshly manured, at about ten inches from each other, and two inches deep. These onions increase extraordinarily, and grow large and strong.—*Rev. Hort.*, 1843, p. 449.

Musical Treat withdrawn.—The performance in St Paul's cathedral, for the benefit of the Sons of the Clergy, given annually for a century past, will not take place this year; objections having been made to the erection of scaffolding, on the ground of its interruption of the daily service, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, acting on the advice of the Bishop of London, has determined that the festival shall be confined to the performance of one of the old services, with some increase of the choir.

Eyes not to be Damned.—Mahomet wrote, "There are two eyes which hell-fire does not reach—one which has wept for fear of God's punishment, and another which has remained awake to guard combatants for the faith."

Snewing.—In some parts of the country *snew* and *snewing* are used for *snow* and *snowing*, but are deemed merely local corruptions. They were not always so considered. Holinshed, under the year 1583, describing the performance of a tragedy, says that among other devices, "it *snew* an artificial kind of snow." Dr Wallis, in his 'English Grammar,' published in 1653, mentions that *snew* was used as the perfect tense of the verb to snow, "*sed et utrobique, snowed.*" Chaucer has "it *snewed.*"

The Best Drinking Water.—"The purest water with which we are acquainted," says Sir Humphry Davy, "is undoubtedly that

which falls from the atmosphere; having touched air alone, it can contain nothing but what it gains from the atmosphere; and all artificial contact, even from the vessels in which it may be collected, gives more or less of contamination." In descending through the atmosphere, however, the rain-drops absorb a certain quantity of carbonic acid, for which water has a great avidity, and which gives it its fresh and sparkling character, so that water deprived of its carbonic acid is always peculiarly flat and insipid.

B and V.—In several languages these letters are often confounded with each other. The Parisian jokers tell that a Gascon gentleman, wishing to ingratiate himself with a fair widow, whose jointure had kindled in his heart a Hudibrastic flame, effectually ruined himself in her estimation by designating her children as "*de veaux enfans.*" Scaliger's hit at the Gascons is well known—

"*Felices populi, quibus Biberet esse Vivere!*"

"Happy people, to whom to drink and to live are the same thing!"

Peers and their Associations.—Lord Brougham, a few nights back, replying to a rumour, that in the course he took he was seeking office, said he ought not to be astonished at a story trumped up and invented by Malice and her bastard sister Falsehood,—begotten both by the Father of Lies, upon the weakness of human nature. He believed that all of their Lordships had formed rather an intimate acquaintance with that family.

The Library of Travel.—A periodical so named will shortly appear, edited by Mr W. K. Kelly. "It is called for," we are told, "as the mania for wandering is no longer confined to the English people; other nations have caught the infection, and the symptoms find utterance in all the tongues of the West. The earnest German carries far abroad his patient spirit of research, and his old-world thoughtfulness and depth of feeling; the fluent Frenchman, in canary-coloured gloves, rhapsodises about 'la belle France' amidst the awful relics and the living glories of the East; and our American cousin cries 'Go ahead!' to all the echoes of the earth."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Katid cannot be gratified. We owe it to others not to let that of which we cannot approve appear, and if his effusions were admitted we know not what could with fairness be refused. Every one might claim insertion as a matter of course.

T. T.—We did not know that the 'Mirror' song on 'The Shirtmaking,' had been reprinted. The alteration pointed out is hardly worth mentioning.

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